

## A New Year's Message.

My name is Margaret Latham. My more intimate friends used to sportively call me "Doc," for reasons which will shortly appear. For the last ten years I have resided in a far-away South American city, among a people whose customs are very different from my own.

New year here is also a season of festivity. But it is all very different from the Canadian new year of my childhood. As this season draws near I feel an irresistible yearning to send to my own countrymen something which may possibly remind certain friends I left of my existence. I thought I had shut them from me forever; I find I cannot. Year after year in this strange land, as the season draws near, have I felt the same impulse. It is as if then I would migrate to my northern home like a bird of passage. The feeling has with me grown stronger and stronger. As I cannot come I send my thoughts—my story—which I hope and pray may meet some old friends' eye.

I was born and bred in the hard, narrow, rigid life of a family "in straitened circumstances in a Canadian village. I had, when a girl, two dominant desires. One was to get away from my people, the other to become a physician. The love of healing was inbred in me—I mean to heal as I think only a woman can heal—and to heal principally women.

I don't say this as a man-hater—quite the reverse. I state it only as my peculiar inclination.

One of my besetting sins, and which injured my prospects in life was an irresistible tendency to "cut up," and generally at the very time and in the very place where, of all others, I should have acted decorously.

When I was 15 I told my parents I wanted to be a doctor. Women physicians were little heard of in those days. My family scorned the idea and threatened to send me to bed for an indefinite period if ever I mentioned the subject again. So I nursed the thought and intent in secret. It grew stronger and stronger. One day I read in a newspaper of a woman who had commenced a medical practice in a western town. She was the first female physician of whom I had ever heard. It gave a renewed strength to my determination.

At the age of 16 I commenced keeping the books of a village merchant on the meager salary graciously allowed a girl for performing a man's work. I worked for him five years and saved \$1,000. With this I went to Boston, applied at a certain noted college, and stated my desire to the principal of entering on a course of medical study. He told me that I could manage to "pull through" on \$1,000, but that it would be hard work, involving much deprivation and relative hardship. On \$1,500 he said I could get through properly, and advised me strongly against making further effort unless I had that sum.

I went from the college and cried for half an hour. I terminated my cry with a laugh, went back to my native village, kept the merchant's books for two years and a half longer, returned to Boston with the necessary \$1,500, and commenced my medical studies.

I went to Boston very full indeed of good intent and resolution to abandon my madcap pranks. I made in Boston one very dear female acquaintance—the loveliest nature I ever met. She seemed to accept my odd make up, though, possibly, she did not understand it; but for that matter, neither did I then, nor do I now.

The years that I spent in the earning of money to pay for my education and those occupied in attaining that education were years of close, hard living. I deprived myself of many things my nature craved, I dressed very plainly, and fed myself meagerly. I was obliged to deny myself amusement and recreation. I loved dress—rich and expensive dress. I appreciated and craved food much above the quality of 20-cent meals. I was passionately fond of the drama. I enjoyed all the elegancies and luxuries of life. Wanting all these, my life was a continual starvation. I tried to comfort myself by the belief that in all this necessary denial and pressing forward toward the one aim—my education—I was doing the right thing.

Was I? I answer, as now I see life and its necessities. No! As now I see my case, I longed for ten years to dress as I saw other women dress. I longed for choicer food, cozy apartments, and the gratification of many tastes. I look back with loathing on my hard, narrow, pinched, and relatively squalid life. I made certain friends, some of them wealthy. As my situation became known to them their sympathies were enlisted in my behalf. Offers of money followed. I took it; more; I took it almost greedily. I clutched it as the starving man might clutch at some choice viand given him which he feared the others, starving, might snatch from him. I took it as one starved may take any gift, thinking it was the last ever to be received. I became covetous. I hoarded away these gifts. While I would not beg for more directly I did so indirectly. Though having then money enough to supply the needs of the hour more in accordance with my tastes and desires, I did not so gratify them. I continued still to dress plainly and live poorly. I sent half my soul in a bank vault and left there amid a package of soiled bank bills—mine! mine! mine!—of which I would not touch one to make my life and surroundings more pleasant.

I found when I had sufficient means that I had not the courage to spend them for what I had so earnestly wanted. The saving, calculating, cost-to-a-penny habit of years clung to me.

Anything beyond my old plane of expense frightened me. I was cursed with a mania for cheapness. If I purchased a good article of any sort and paid for it a good price I would be pained for days at the thought of parting with so much money. Had a million been placed in my possession I should have felt the same.

Isabel and I planned a trip to England together. I wished for a course of study at one of the great London hospitals. We arranged the trip and set a time for our departure.

But when I came to think the matter over by myself it presented itself in a very different light. I felt that for this girl to accompany me would be for both of us a misfortune; that I should be ever leading her into trouble through my whims and humors and that her gentle and sensitive nature was not able to endure the strain that would be put upon it through my possible acts. I went to England alone and without giving her any explanation whatever.

I studied in a great London hospital for a year—rather a hard experience for a woman as a woman in such a situation is regarded by the English medical student.

I returned to the States a qualified physician. I had gained my end and had paid dearly for it. The strain had been too much. I was at the start splendidly equipped as to physical vigor but my health broke down. I was ready to commence life, but now life's corner-stone and foundation to build upon—health—was wanting. The few friends I had in Boston may remember how suddenly I disappeared; how I left them without a word or line of thanks of remembrance. That they should deem me ungrateful I do not wonder. But I left them in the way I did because I dared not reveal myself to them. I could not do as I have done here. Nor could I thank them for their kindness in any assumed mechanical fashion. I felt that I had played a part for a sordid motive. I loathed myself for so doing. So between the two I went off in silence.

This is my holiday message—the one token I can offer. What I want is to impress upon its readers is that sordidness never results in good. Giving, not hoarding, brings back a rich return. Think of this as the new year opens. Be generous to others and to yourself.

And this: There is no ultimate gain in starvation, starved and repressed appetite, or starved and repressed taste, no matter what be the end attained through such starvation; it is only another robbing of Peter to pay Paul, only damming up injuriously what's in human nature, to roll over the barrier at last and sweep all before it; only a starving of body, mind, and spirit, whose result is to make one see through starved eyes and by a starved judgment.

Close the old year and open the new with the good cheer that comes from generous giving. Remember that all you can carry into the life hereafter will be what you have given, not what you have saved.

### Poor Rocks.

Dog stories being all the rage just now will this one, told by a Rock Island locomotive engineer, do for Monday morning breakfast? "Some years ago," said the engineer, "I was running along near Joliet, when I saw a fine big black dog fast under an old farm gate by the side of the track. He had evidently tried to jump over the gate, and the hinges being broken, it had fallen on him. He could not get out and was howling so pitifully that I stopped my engine and went to his assistance. He was so grateful that he licked my hand and wanted to follow me into the cab. I wanted to take him with me, but didn't dare. After that the dog, whom I and my fireman named Rocks, used to sit beside the track and wag his tail when we went by. He got so he could tell my engine as far as he could see it or hear my whistle. A few months later we were running along there, behind time, and going very fast. It was just at daybreak, and I was a little surprised to see Rocks on the track ahead of us. He was acting strangely. He barked furiously and howled and reared upon his hind feet. When we came up a little closer to him he started and ran a ways on the track, and then turned and sat up and howled again. He did this two or three times until my fireman and I felt sure that he was mad.

"Finally Rocks lingered too long on the track and was struck by the pilot and drawn under the wheels. I heard him howl so agonizingly as he went under that I immediately shut off steam and stopped the train. My fireman went back to see what had become of Rocks, but he had been all smashed to pieces. My fireman and I were about ready to cry as we started up again, but imagine our amazement when on turning a curve a little ways ahead, we saw an obstruction on the track, so placed that it would surely have derailed our train had we struck it at full speed. As it was, we were hardly in motion, and easily stopped before reaching the danger. All that could be learned about the obstruction was that probably some farmer or other person having spite against the road placed it there. Nobody was arrested for it, but I believe that if old Rocks had lived he could have barked his fiercest at the criminal."

### The Eternal Fitness of Things.

A few evenings ago a fine-looking, well-dressed negro, as black as black can be, entered a drug store and inquired semi-confidentially of the clerk: "Do you keep lampblack?"

"I can give you some," was the reply; "how much do you want?"

"Well, you see, sah—ah—is it very nice? I would like a little, sah, in a pretty box—like these," pointing at boxes containing toilet articles in the showcases.

"Well," said the clerk, dubiously, "I dunno; what do you want it for?"

"For de toilet, sah; for my wife—she powdahs, sah!"

### Seeking Free Advice.

"Dockder," he said casually to a physician whom he met on the street, "I've got a bad cold in my head. Whad would you advise me to do?"

And the doctor, who doesn't give something for nothing when he can help it, replied:

"I would advise you to buy a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs and then consult a physician."

### An Unhealthy Beverage.

"See here, my friend," said the bartender to a man who for several minutes had been very much engrossed at the free lunch table, "ain't you going to buy any beer?"

"No, sir," replied the busy man. "I was reading last night that beer tends to take away the appetite."

Col. Gilder and his companion, Lieut. Griffiths, who are seeking to reach the North Pole, are wintering among the Esquimaux, near York Factory, Hudson's Bay, with a view to learning the language and habits of the people.

The present cost of operating the railways of America by steam is \$502,000,000, but to transport the same tonnage, using men and horses, would cost \$11,306,500,000. That is to say a return to old methods would render commerce practically impossible.

The arrangements for the protection of the President are so complete that, according to a correspondent, in case of danger a thousand armed and well-disciplined men could be massed in defence of the White House within an hour. At the President's semi-weekly receptions a dozen detectives are always present.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

A London lady died last week, leaving £10,000 to the Dog's Home at Battersea, while to her executor, a poor parson with a large family, was left £100 as a legacy.

The King of Cambodia, according to the correspondent of a Paris journal, has 300 wives, chosen from the handsomest women in the whole country. The entire population and territory belong to the King. All the Cambodians are the King's "earmen" or slaves, and pay him rents. The King himself belongs to the French Resident-General.

The Kolnische Zeitung says it is characteristic of the condition of the Russian press that in 1883, out of 272 editors of St. Petersburg and Moscow, one half were officers in the employ of the government, 36 being Generals, Privy and State Councilors, 65 officers of the staff or employees of corresponding rank in Civil Service, and 37 lower officers and employes.

Alsace-Lorraine must be a true paradise for sportsmen. Last year there were shot in the forests, of the Reichslande 37 wolves, 1,199 wild boars, 152 wild cats, and 2,680 foxes, with, of course, an abundance of ordinary game. Lorraine has long been endeavoring to rid herself of predatory animals, but so far to little purpose, for French huntsmen are not so zealous in exterminating the wolves as they might be.

A singular event occurred a few days ago at a church at Willenhall, Staffordshire. A couple presented themselves to be married, and upon the clergyman putting the question, "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife," the bridegroom answered with an emphatic "No," and left the church. His explanation was that a year ago when he wanted to be married his intended bride refused, and he thought the present occasion afforded him the opportunity of "returning the compliment."

In the French village of Thenelles there is a young lady who has enjoyed an uninterrupted slumber since the 1st of June, 1883. Her name is Margaret Borgenvall, and she is said to be exceedingly beautiful; though, as was only to be expected, her three years' truce has made her rather thin. During the whole period she has never been ill, and she appears no older than she did when she first "went off." Every now and then a dose of peptone is administered to keep the vital spark alight; but otherwise she requires no attention.

Chinamen who favor the introduction of railways into their country, says a Shanghai paper, will be encouraged by learning that though the Tokio-Yokohama railway cost 4,000,000 yen, being the first line built in Japan, and constructed entirely by foreigners, it has already paid for itself out of the annual profits up to the end of last year. Subsequent railways in Japan have been much more cheaply constructed, and with the experience of railway building in the east that has been gained in India, Burma and Japan, China should now be able to provide herself with the iron way at a comparatively modern cost.

The cost of the royal theatres in Berlin, including the opera house, during the past twelve months has reached the sum of two and a half million marks. The Emperor's yearly contribution out of his privy purse is 450,000 marks; but in addition to this he also pays the deficit, which is very considerable. The non-remunerative portions of the royal theatre system are the opera ballet. The legitimate stage always yields a handsome surplus. All the members of the royal family have their boxes, for which they regularly pay the due annual rent, although some of them do not enter the theatres during the season. For every special imperial performance the Emperor invariably pays the whole cost. These performances take place at the visits of foreign princes to Berlin, great parades, and public celebrations. The failure of the opera to pay its way is due in great part to the tremendous wages of singing folk. Herr Niemann, the tenor, has to appear for forty-eight evenings during six months, and for each evening he has an honorarium of 750 marks. This equals 36,000 marks a year.

## BOWERS USED THE PASS.

The Railroad Company Thought He Was Modest, but He Wasn't.

"The Union Pacific folks were awful glad when a certain man died in Omaha the other day," said one of the agents of that line. "His name was Bowers. About a dozen years ago he saved a train from running into a washout near his farm, and the Union Pacific folks felt grateful to him. Mr. Clark, who was then Superintendent, but who is now with the Milwaukee and St. Paul Road, sent for Bowers and offered him \$500. Bowers modestly declined the money, but when Mr. Clark proposed to make him out a pass good for the end of his life he said he didn't object. When Clark was engaged making out the pass Bowers said: 'Would you mind making out the pass good for a friend? I might want to go to Salt Lake City some day and take a friend of mine down to see my uncle.'

"Of course, Mr. Clark felt so grateful he 'didn't mind' making it out good for a friend; in fact, he was willing to do most anything at that time. The pass was sent up to headquarters where it received the signatures of the President and General Passenger Agent and was returned to Bowers.

"Well, now, what do you think? For twelve years he has been riding from Omaha to Salt Lake City, from Salt Lake City to Ogden, and other points on the line, and never alone. He always had a 'friend' with him. The friend was usually some commercial traveller. In short, Bowers had made it his business for the past twelve years. He made arrangements with various wholesale and jobbing houses to carry their men, and booked his engagements months ahead sometimes. When these failed he picked up stray passengers here and there. After paying his sleeping-car and other expenses he had from \$8 to \$8 a day clear profit. Out of this profit he managed to amass a snug fortune. He tried to use his pass on the limited express, but the company would not have it. When he did attempt it he was liable to be ejected between stations, even if the train was going up grade. In fact, the company wanted to refuse to carry him at all; but its lawyer concluded the trial for damages would be too expensive. The travelling men are sorry Bowers has made his exit."

## FARM.

### NOTES.

Profitable poultry raising can never run itself, neither can any other kind of business.

Large, coarse hogs are no longer favorites. Dealers prefer pork weighing from two to three hundred pounds.

A ton of bran fed with two tons of hay is worth as much as four tons of hay fed alone to either horses, cattle or sheep.

One toad on a farm destroys more insects than his price in lime, worrying and Paris green. One toad is as good as a hoe.

Sons and daughters are the most valuable products of the farm. Treat them accordingly, or at least as well as colts and calves.

Overfeeding swine is waste of food and of hog, and possibly of human life, for it produces disease and unwholesome pork.

It has been proven over and over again that a little land well tilled is more profitable than an extended area neglected and improperly cared for.

Much of the labor saved in farming tools is not to be found in any financial equivalent, it exists in the greater ease of farm life, and other comforts of living.

Four times as much nutriment can be secured by converting the waste products of the earth into milk as can be gained by putting them into beef, mutton or pork.

From one end of Scotland to the other during the last year or two there has been a very material decrease in the use of artificial manures.

There is no way in which fertilization can be so promoted as by dairy farming. Butter takes nothing from the soil that affects its fertilization the way that wheat and other crops do.

If I were to live my life over again I would plant on my home grounds some chestnuts and shellbark walnuts of the better varieties, not only for amusement but for profit.

The New York agricultural society ruled out of its annual fair all exhibits not strictly agricultural, thus excluding a lot of merchants' advertising displays. Is this a precedent worth the notice of other fair managers?

It is worthy of remark that in many places the highway is being cleared of brush and briars, some being the growth of years. The removal of these obstructions is a decided improvement, and it would be well if others would follow the example.

The young of wild species of birds are fed by their parents chiefly on animal food even when they are seed eaters when mature. They are thus forced that the period of their helplessness may be shortened. Poultry men can take a leaf out of nature's book.

A local paper says:—"The farmer should take an interest in the establishment of all kinds of industries at points close to him, both to give him a higher value for his land, a higher price for his products and at the same time give him profit in holding shares in all these industrial enterprises."

If we had a piece of ground upon which we proposed to plant strawberries next spring, we should give it a heavy sowing of salt as soon as possible, for the purpose of destroying the grubs which so often ruin these plants. Sown now, it could be applied in quantities sufficient to destroy almost all these pests. If left until spring, a heavy sowing sometimes kills the plants as well as the grubs.

Do everything just as well as you know how. Be on the lookout for the best way. Waste nothing. Subscribe for your local papers, and read them. If your seed is not pure, get some that is, and keep it so. Keep everything tight. Repair, but never patch. Do not wait till noon to repair a break, do it at once.

Avoid the immoral, profane and vicious laborers by all means. They are dangerous to have on the premises, and your children may be ruined by contracting their vices. The hired men and boys can not be kept apart in fields and house, so it becomes very necessary to have great care in regard to the morals of those we hire.

The most serious obstacle to the business is the curse of dogs, but if more farmers were engaged in raising sheep, a short, sharp and decisive crusade against these pests would doubtless reduce them to a minimum. The sheep farmer is always justified in killing at sight any strange dog seen on his place, unaccompanied by his owner.

The extent to which really fine fowls are being bred, and the prices which they bring, are things quite wonderful; and the farmer who clings to the old common barnyard fowl is away behind the times. For a few years past the laced Wyandottes have taken the fancier's attention, and now comes the white Wyandotte and white Plymouth Rocks. The boom is to rest on these varieties for a year or two, particularly the former.

### TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

One of the best, well tried, and always successful preventives of disease among swine is to keep a trough to which they can always have access filled with a mixture composed of sixty parts of wood ashes, twenty parts of salt, twelve parts sulphur, and eight parts coppers. The pigs will regulate their doses. Prof. Turner, of Jacksonville, Ill., has been successful with this preventive, as originally composed by him.

Those who feed the well-kept horses of Adams Express company always put a handful or so of cut hay with oats, otherwise a large part of the oats is not digested.

A writer in the Live Stock Indicator believes it to be a fact that the Holstein is winning its way rapidly in the regard of our people as the grandest "combination cow" known. The cow in the hands of our farmers that will give the most milk and then be easily turned into a good beef carcass seems to be the Holstein.

Timber screens may afford enough protection to cultivate lands to repay their cost in a single year with like benefits to be received through successive seasons the trees at last worth for mechanical uses more than every cost of planting and care, including interest on the expenditure.

Horses hard at work need blanketing while at rest at this season nearly or quite as much as they do in winter, when colder weather prevents much sweating. Whenever a horse is moist with sweat he is liable to a serious illness if chilled by exposure to winds. Always put a horse in his stable to eat even if he has very short time for that purpose.

## A SUBSTANTIAL GHOST.

### Extraordinary Developments at a Seance.

"There was a Seance one night recently at a house in San Francisco," said a gentleman to a *Call* reporter.

"The medium was Mrs. Miller, lately from the east, and now a resident of Los Angeles. She has been in this city about three weeks, and has been giving spiritualistic manifestations that were spoken of as remarkable. I went to see what she could do. There were eleven persons in the circle. The cabinet was of the usual description, being constructed of a light framework hung over with blankets and set up against folding doors. The circle was formed in horseshoe shape, fronting the cabinet. The medium, Mrs. Miller, who is a woman of middle age, medium size, dark hair and eyes, after being examined by one of the ladies present, went into the cabinet, attired in a dark dress, with a shawl thrown over her shoulders. Dr. Kelly was the master of ceremonies. He is the librarian of the Washington hall society of Spiritualists. He requested all present to sing, and they joined together in a song. Shortly after

### A FORM IN WHITE

came out of the cabinet, went up to Dr. Kelly, and indicated to him that one of the company was to approach. As each one of the group went up to the spirit and touched his hand, he or she was walked up and down in front of the cabinet by Dr. Kelly, in order, he said, to get more power. This was done, however, I suppose, to keep each party's attention distracted from the spirit. After a while Dr. Kelly would say to the one holding the spirit's hand, which, by the way, could only be held lightly by the fingers: "Turn your ear around. The spirit wants to speak with you." When a member of the circle did so, the spirit would put its lips up to his or her ear, murmur something unintelligible, and, having thus drawn attention away from the hand, would suddenly jerk it away and sink behind the curtains of the cabinet. This was the dematerialization. The medium claimed, and good, sensible men who have been to her seances said it was so, that the spirit had dematerialized and

FADED AWAY FROM THE MORTAL HAND holding it. But the hand that was placed in mine was a good, solid, fleshy hand, even though I did not get a substantial hold on it before it was jerked away, as I have told you.

"When the white form disappeared, another form, with a beard on and dressed in dark clothes emerged a little from the cabinet after an interval, and after somebody had been called up and some rignarole performed it went back behind the curtains. Afterward the white form came out again, and I was beckoned to come up. I went to the cabinet, and by some accident, stopped between it and the spirit. That time I got a firm clasp of the spirit's hand, and held it tightly. The spirit seemed uncomfortable and tried to get away. It took its other hand, and tried to loosen my grasp, and so I used my left hand in order to prevent this from being done and to retain my hold. The spirit said softly to me 'Let go, let go,' in a very appealing voice, but I held on. Dr. Kelly then grabbed me with both hands around my throat, and said in a very hard tone, 'For God's sake, let go! You will kill the medium.' I told him that I did not intend to hurt the medium, but was waiting for the spirit to dematerialize. Kelly tightened his grasp on my throat, and insisted on my letting go. I told him that I was resolved to hold on, and that he might

### CHOKED ME TO DEATH

before I would loosen my grasp. There was, as you may suppose, considerable confusion in the room by this time. I called on the others who were in attendance to turn up the lights. There was a single lamp dimly burning in one part of the room, and one gentleman turned it up, but Mr. Miller, the husband of the medium, turned it down and put out the light. We were then in darkness. I called out for somebody to light the gas, and at last the others succeeded in getting some matches and finding a gas-jet. The gas was then lighted. By this time Mr. Miller came to his wife's rescue and tried to pull my hand away. All the while Kelly was choking me and the medium trying to get away. When the gas was lighted it was seen that I held the hand of the medium, who was dressed from head to foot in white, and who was trying to hide her face behind the blankets of the cabinet, with the husband and Kelly still endeavoring to free her from my hold. I held on until every person in the room had a chance to come up and see that the form in white was the medium and no spirit at all. When all had satisfied themselves of the fraud, I told Kelly I wanted my money back. Each of us had paid \$1 to go in. He returned this amount to all of us. Kelly, the medium, and the husband were much agitated over the exposure. We searched for the beard, but it had been secreted somewhere. The medium

### KEPT ONE HAND TIGHTLY CLINCHED

and we could not open it without using more force than was considered proper. She evidently held some apparatus in that hand. Dr. A. Morton, whose office is in the Phelan building, was one of those present, and he said that he saw the beard, and knows that it is false. This Mrs. Miller was here about a year ago, and the most wonderful stories were related then of her spiritualistic power.

"Was your purpose in going to the seance to expose her?" was asked.

"No," said Mr. Wadsworth. "I merely went to witness the manifestations which were deemed so very remarkable. I am a spiritualist myself, being the acting chairman of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical society, which meets at metropolitan temple, and I am interested in knowing the truth of these things. I have been present at seances where actual dematerialization, if such it might be called, occurred. The hand of the spiritual form on those occasions could not be grasped, being like fog. There was nothing solid about them which could be held on to. You could see them, but not feel them. I did not do any grabbing at Mrs. Miller's seance. I took her hand when invited to and held on to it, waiting for the dematerialization. The violence used was on the part of those who tried to choke and pull me away."

### Didn't Care for Sweets.

She (looking over bill of fare)—Am I to have *carte blanche*, Charley?" Charley—"Why, yes; take some *carte blanche* if you want, but I prefer something solid."